

Take me JENNY

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline th
T'accept of a faithful heart which I now re'
thee,

Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's generous and bor

Take me Jenny,
Let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more,
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
There's my hand, there's my hand,
'Twill never beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes,
Thy sweet lips delighting,
Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck,
Thy round arms inviting,
Of't at the milk white churn,
With raptures I've seen them,
But oh! how I've sigh'd and
Wish'd my own arms between them;

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While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more,
Kiss upon't kiss upon't turn not so shyly,
There's my hand, there's my hand,
'Twill never beguile thee.

I've store of sheep, my love,
And goats on the mountain
And water to brew good ale
From yon crystal fountain,
I've too a pretty cot,
With garden and land so't,
But all will be doubly sweet,
If you put a hand to't,

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While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly
There's my hand, there's my hand,
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